

THE MACON BEACON

66th YEAR

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Big Bud Writes About Weddings.

On last Thursday night, the 9th, our oldest granddaughter, Miss Sue Lee Weir, was married to Mr. Cliff Beasley, a young man, a native of Tennessee, and at present a prosperous and successful young business man of Birmingham.

While it was one of the prettiest marriages I ever witnessed, there was some features of it that I am very much opposed to. I take this occasion right now in the beginning of my letter to say that I had very little to do with this marriage.

Sue asked me soon after she had concluded to marry if she could have the kind of marriage that she wanted at our house. I had never done this before, had always said how it would be done and did most of the inviting, but this time I contended myself with doing only two things: I paid the expense and named the preacher.

One day they were discussing who should marry them, and I said, "You need not discuss that any longer for I am going to name the minister," and they asked who it was, and I said "Brother Purser, the worthy Baptist minister at Macon," and they said, "What a Baptist minister marry a Methodist couple?" I said, "Yes," and they said that this was deviating from all precedent and custom, and I said, "Brother Purser is my friend, and is a charitable christian gentleman, and when he heard that I got angry and used profane language at Hog Eye, and a great many of my warm christian friends were disposed to crucify me for it. He spoke up and said, 'Brother Cavett is a good man, has made us a good legislator, and while he slipped a cog at Hog Eye, I am going to forgive him, and vote for him all the same.' Sue said, 'I will write and ask Mr. Beasley.' I said, 'No, you write and tell him that this will be done, or I will countermand the order for the chest of silver, that I had ordered according to promise, and all arrangements will cease.' Sallie spoke up and said, 'I endorse what your Pappy says,' and of course, that settled it.

Brother Purser performed the ceremony, and when he finished, the groom turned at once and kissed his blushing bride. I was not close enough to see whether the minister told him to do it or not, but if this is to be the finale of his marriage ceremonies, I expect he will be in demand for a good many other couples, for this was an improvement on my marriage, for Rev. Dr. Bardwell was a regular old Blue-Stocking married us, had a long ceremony, telling me of the responsibilities, etc., of this new and untried state that I was entering upon, and it scared me so I began to think that I had done what some of my old comrades said we did when we enlisted for the war instead of twelve months, that we had struck oo bad a lick.

When I found that they had over 300 invitation cards, I would not even look at the list, and had no idea who was invited. I did break over and invite Joe Stokes, for Joe and I have always been warm friends, and when my daughter, Sue Lee, married in Macon, some 30 years ago, we gave her an old-fashioned southern wedding, and had invited Joe, and he didn't come. I met him the next day, and I said, "Joe, why didn't you come to the marriage?" and he said, "I will come next time," but as later weir seems in vigorous health and there is no prospect of Sue Lee marrying the second time, as my family, thank the Lord, believe when they marry it is "until death do us part," I thought I had better tell Joe to come to young Sue Lee's marriage, but Joe disappointed me again.

I found out afterwards that they even put out my time-tried and true tender, Miss Feb, but she said, "It was I right, for she knew it was the young folks' doings, that had Sallie and Emmet had done the inviting she would have gotten the invitation." I wouldn't object so to fashionable marriages if they would put on the invitations, "No presents desired," but object to this quasi way of asking for presents. It was all right when this shion was started, giving little inexpensive, useful presents, but when expensive presents are laid out with the very name attached, it represents an expense that a great many can ill afford, and it hampers a young couple, read in the Ladies' Home Journal of young lady who had married a worthy young man, with a moderate salary, and they had received a lot of handsome presents, and soon after their marriage, their best man married, and of course, sent them an invitation. They had, like a sensible couple, refused to keep within their means, had very little in the bank, and did not know what to do about the present, and they agreed to give him one of the beauty of the present, and all the while she was conscious that she knew that present had figured in another list before. But the invitations were coming! Their savings were all, and she said that she thought she would have to commit suicide to rid of these ever recurring obligations.

I am afraid we have ruined old Cliff to start with. He is an industrious young man, has saved his earnings, bought him a nice cottage in Birmingham, and I am sure they have saved enough silver and cutglass to start a store, and they will start to bring furniture and other things to it, and of course, Sue will have to give a great many entertainments to show it off, and all of this, together with repaying presents will bust them out with. And it will take all of Sue's time to keep them in order, and will have to have servant to keep house, etc., etc.

Mrs. Lillian Boggess was the most fortunate young woman I know of. While she received a lot of handsome presents, and had the satisfaction of caring for and showing them until her babies came to take up her entire time, Deal's house burned up, and away went the presents, and Lillian is not troubled with them now.

This was not the fashion when we were married, but grandma gave us a set of silver spoons, both small and large some time after we were married, and this was a lot of worry to Sallie until fortunately the entire set was lost but one, and we kept that for a memento, and used triple-plated silver, and when a spoon is lost, we say nothing about it.

Cliff showed good judgment in various ways in his marriage. First, Sue Lee is a handsome, sensible girl, and when he came to the wedding, he did not bring another man with him that was better looking than he was, although he is not so handsome himself. It reminded me of what Pa said about Uncle Ross. Uncle Ross was our pastor here for about 50 years, and was his custom to attend the Presbtery every summer, and make arrangements for one of the ministers to help him hold a protracted meeting, and Pa said he always took one that he could beat preaching, so we would always be satisfied that there was no better preacher in the Presbtery.

Speaking of Uncle Ross, he loved his church, and was always glad to aid it in every way. On one occasion, a smart insurance agent attended the Presbtery and suggested that if they wanted to endow their school at Lebanon that each minister would insure a young man in his congregation for the benefit of the church, the members of the congregation paying the premiums. He showed them how this would work, and Uncle Ross concluded that he would get the members of his congregation to go into it. He came home, called us together and explained the plan, and we agreed to it. The next thing was to get the young man! Of course we wanted to get as frail a young man as we could get passed. When I went to Grandma's that night, Aunt Margaret asked me what we had done, and I told her, and she said, "who will you get," and I said, "Uncle Ross wanted to get your son Bobbie," and the old lady rose in her wrath, and said, "No, sir!" and to show that she believed in prayer, she said, "the church might get in a tight, and pray the Lord to remove that little boy down there so they could get their money, and they couldn't get Bobbie."

So they got a young man of the congregation that was right weakly, and we commenced to pay the premium and had been paying some time, and he began to get healthier, and it looked like he fattened on us, and got stronger all of the time. Times got hard, and money kept getting scarcer and scarcer, and once when the old man came around to collect my part of the premium, I said, "look here, where is that boy living at now? They say he has left the county." And Uncle Ross said, "He has moved over to Pickens," and I said, "well, if he has gone to the hills of Pickens we had just as well stop paying now," but the old man said, "No, let's make one more payment, maybe he'll wink out yet." We made the payment, but we winked out instead of him, and the church never got the money.

Well, the first fashionable wedding I ever attended was here in Macon. Sallie and I were invited to the house, and I told Ma that night that I wouldn't eat any supper, that I was going to go to the wedding and get a feast, and I saw visions of roast turkey, barbecue, etc.

We soon went over, were ushered in to greet the bride and groom, were then taken in an adjoining room to look over the presents, then in another room, where we had Russian tea and bon-bons, were carried back to bid the bride a final adium, and took our departure, receiving a slice of cake as we went out, to dream on, and I was soon at home, rummaging in the safe for something to eat.

The next one I went to was that of my nephew, Josh Cavett. Josh had gotten Capt. Snowden's consent for him and Evie to marry, and all of our side were very much pleased with this match, for we had loved and honored Capt. Snowden, and were glad to be connected with such a fine family.

The marriage took place in the old Deerebrook church, and Josh's grandfather, old Josh Stevens, and myself sat together in the darkened church. We hadn't been there long before the organ broke forth in a wail that sounded like a lead march, and Josh came stepping out, about two inches at a time up one aisle, and Evie followed, and after a while they were duly married, the organ wailing again, they passed out of the church, and after Josh and his bonny bride had gone, old man Josh turned to me and said, "Emmet, there has been a great many improvements in a great many ways since Ann and I were married, but I'll be blessed if there has been any improvement in marrying. Now my idea would have been for Snowden to have had a big wedding at his house, then let me give an 'in-fair' at my house, and all had a good time and get acquainted and I am like Mr. Stevens.

I didn't get to ask Beasley how much he paid the preacher, but I hope he didn't do like Dr. Robert, when he and Hallie were married. The next morning after Uncle Ross had married them, I asked Joe how much he had paid the old man, I was afraid that he had been too too liberal, and I wanted him to begin to save his money right away. Joe stammered around and he finally said that really he had not paid him anything, that this was the first time

he had ever married, and he did not know how to do. I waited until after they had all got seated at the table, and said to Pa, who was deaf, and of course, all could hear what I said, "Uncle Ross is right sick." Pa said, "I thought he ought not to have come out last night as he is getting to old for things like this. What is the matter?" and I said, "When he got home and opened the envelope and found that Joe had forgot to put any money in it, he was almost paralyzed, and said, 'it was all style and no money.'"

Joe said he forgot to put any money in the envelope, and the next day, he wanted to send him \$20, and I told him \$10 was enough, and that I would take it to him the next Sunday. So asking my friend, Tom Stevens, to ride with me, we went down to see the old man, and gave him the money, and after giving it to him, asked his daughter, Mary, what the old man had said when he found there was no money in the envelope. She said he was right smartly put out, that one of his hands had come to him the day before, and asked him for some meat, and he told the negro that he had no money at that time but for him to come back Saturday and he could buy him all of the meat he needed for we was going to marry a stylish couple, and would have the money, so he was very much disappointed.

If I had known that Joe had not put the money in the envelope, I would have put a dime in myself, and let him think that was his fee. But I hope that Cliff paid Brother Purser, and if he didn't, I will.

The young lady attendants at Sue Lee's marriage looked powerful pretty to me, for three of them were my own granddaughters, and the matron of honor was Hallie, one of the flower girls was a little granddaughter, so of course, everything looked lovely to me, and I was sorry that I could not have about twenty gallons of Brunswick, and a lot of barbecue, charlotte, etc. to regale my friends on.

Well, I promised a chest of silver to my first granddaughter who would marry a self-sustaining man, and I believe Sue and I have got him. Well, here's long life and happiness to this young couple, and as old Rip Van Winkle used to say, "May they live long and prosperous." Good-bye.

Big Bud.

Big Bud Attends Federal Court.

A lot of us friends of that Prince of Good Fellows, Thos. McHenry, went with him to Meridian last Sunday evening to assist him, if necessary, in defending the charge brought against him in the United States court. I am glad to say, though, that this was entirely unnecessary, for as soon as the Hon. Joe George, the efficient U. S. district attorney acquainted himself with the facts in the case, he told Judge Niles that he was satisfied that there nothing in it and asked to be allowed to nol pros the case, which he did on last Tuesday morning. This was very gratifying to us all and we came home in great glee. We were also glad to learn *sub rosa* that the grand jury failed to find an indictment against young Moseley Jackson, so these two little troublesome cases were finally disposed of. The government had lost no money in either case, and as both cases were caused more from carelessness than from any desire to defraud the government, I am sure the action of the officials and grand jury will be heartily approved of by all.

We had a jolly time while in Meridian, meeting old friends, and especially that worthy old confederate and veteran legislator, Col. H. M. Street. He is full of life and vigor, and while he takes his defeat philosophically he feels so well that he says had he been elected he would have rounded out the century mark. I told him to get ready to serve the people in the constitutional convention that I was pretty sure would be called for next summer. No man in the state would make an abler member of that body than Col. Street.

Judge Niles is an able attorney and has the good of the people at heart and delivered a most able charge and embodied in it was one of the most powerful arguments for prohibition I ever listened to. He sees the evil effects of illicit distilling and selling of whiskey so much in the discharge of his duties that he has become a very pronounced prohibitionist. I had the honor of serving in the legislature with Joe George and I never knew a more honest legislator than Joe. He was utterly devoid of trickery and subterfuges of any kind. He was against state wide prohibition at that time and his speech against it was pronounced by our leader, the peerless Charlton Alexander as by far the best made on that side. But Joe tells me he has kinder gotten on the water wagon himself.

Our own Harden Brooks and his amiable and lovely wife gave a six o'clock dinner in honor of his old colleagues, Joe George, genial Bill Denton and myself, and also invited Howard Seales and his associate counsel George Richardson to be with us. There was, indeed a feast of reason and a flow of soul." Sallie Earl gave us an elegant spread and presided over it with her usual grace and all went as "merry as a marriage bell." Sallie Earl was kind enough to say she would get me a job,

and I think if my Sallie will go I will move to Meridian. The ladies of her swimming club want a good teacher, and knowing my proficiency in that line and how congenial the duties of this office were to me she kindly offered the place to me. So Noxubee stands a chance to lose her Big Bud.

I was very much pleased with Mr. Jacobson, Hardin's partner and I told him that I wanted him to name the fee in the case against Tom, for I was afraid if Hardin named it it would be like a case that the celebrated Mr. Beech of New York City had once when he was associated with a Jew lawyer. They won the case and the Jew said "shall we charge him \$500," and Mr. Beech replied "I will name and collect the fee." A few days later Mr. Beech handed the Jew lawyer a check for \$500 as his share and looking at the check said, "Mr. Beech, almost thou persuadest me to be a christian."

Well, here is success to Hardin and Sallie Earl wherever they go, but we want them back in old Noxubee.

Au revoir,
Big Bud.

Jackson Highway Publicity.

The great Jackson Highway movement continues to boom and every indication points to a record attendance at the big convention which will be held in Nashville Sept. 23-24. Enthusiastic meetings have been held in the principal cities and towns along the several proposed routes south of Nashville and organizations have been perfected for the purpose of co-operating in the movement and securing the final location of the highway for their respective sections.

A every organization meeting of interest in the Lakes-to-Gulf national highway has been at fever heat and every community has realized the immense value to be derived from the Jackson Highway. Making every possible effort to speed the highway. Let us accept in received every day by two-story hotel club of Nashville and the Nashville Automobile club, the organization under whose auspices the convention will be held and the unanimous sentiment is to the effect that each section will be represented at the coming meeting in Nashville. Large delegations are promised from every competing route and to stimulate interest in the movement for large delegations the jewelry firm of Jensen, Herzer & Jeck has offered a handsome silver loving cup to be presented the delegation having the largest representation of automobiles in the mammoth auto parade which is scheduled for the afternoon of Friday, Sept. 24.

The following set of questions has been prepared by the temporary Jackson Highway Association for the purpose of giving the competing routes a idea of what will be required in the presentation of their claims for the final location of the road:

1. Mileage each county under the proposed route.
2. Condition of this road and mileage classed as (a) highly improved with hard surface; (b) gravel, macadam or chert; (c) natural without hard surface; (d) grades and drainage!
3. Number and character of bridges classed as (a) concrete; (b) steel; (c) wood; (d) free or toll!
4. Streams without bridges and condition of falls!
5. What arrangements have been made for utting these roads in first-class condition and maintaining them; character of road to be built; full particulars!
6. What guarantee will be furnished that road will be built and maintained as presented!
7. At what rate can road be ready for dedication?
8. Population to be served, tributaries and filers, historical attractions and other data as advocates may wish to submit!

An Elaborate Costume.

The Atchison globe has discovered this fine writing a country paper: "The bride a groom presented a regal spectacle, never equaled since the proud Cleopatra sailed down the performed, 'tumultuating Nile in her gilded pageant train Marc Antony, while all the world stood agape at the unheard-of triumph. To describe the bride's costume-deggers the English language, and lightning falls faint and feeble before the Herculean task. She was gorgeously arrayed in a calico house dress, and a pair of lace curtains floated like dream about her figure."

Dress Up

Now is the time to begin to provide yourself with the most useful needs to protect yourself from the chilly days soon to be with us. Our arrivals (are now in) of desirable things:

HATS:

Jno. B. Stetson and Liberty Brand

CLOTHING:

"HIGH-ART"

SHOES:

Beacon and L. S. & D.

Wrights Underwear (Health). Large line of Cotton and Wools.

Don't put off and wait too long, later they may be scarce.

Get in touch with us for your Fall buying

A. L. H. & Co.

To My Friends and Patrons:

As all my meat animals have advanced to such a high price and the cash has come to such a low standard I am compelled for this reason to do a strictly CASH BUSINESS. I am compelled to take this step as my finances are such I cannot afford to do business as in the past.

This is not saying your credit is not good in the least as I have always appreciated my customers and do still and will endeavor in the future to always try and please you, and hope you look at this in a strictly business light.

I will begin selling strictly for CASH on October 1st and positively will not sell anything on credit.

For the accomodation of my customers I will keep on hand Coupon books of denominations of \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00, and will give you 5 per cent. discount in trade where you purchase these books.

Thanking you for past favors and hope to have a continuation of your trade. I remain,

Yours,

A. L. HOLBERG.

In the South most cultivated grasses and clovers do better when sown in the fall. Next spring is too late to start to make a pasture for next year. Now is the time to get the land ready for seeding if a pasture is desired next summer. Lespedeza and Bermuda may be put out next spring, but bur, white, alsike and red clover, with most grasses, do better sown in the fall.—Progressive Farmer.

Of course little Ruth should have been able to answer more precisely when the teacher asked her to describe a frog, says an exchange. But she wasn't. This is her definition, which, if nothing else, is certainly picturesque. Here it is: "A frog, teacher, is a big green bug, with warts all over it. And it keeps its mouth open all the time—and—and—it's always sitting down behind and standing up in front."

In the September issue of Harper's Magazine is a story by William J. Ayward, entitled "Steamboating Through Dixie," which is so grotesque and absurd in its description of southern life as to convey the impression that the author's steamboat trip through Dixie was really made on an Erie canal boat.

Col. Boliver Beasley says that it is better to have loved and lost than to have married a woman who makes your life one long helva time.

Money to Loan.

In sums of not less than \$1,000; five year loans; 50 per cent of reasonable valuation of land without improvements. Best proposition on the market. Prompt inspection. No delay in closing.
STRONG & BUSH.

Now the world will have to take off its hat and admit that President Wilson with his pen is mightier than the Kaiser with his sword. There will be no more sinking of passenger ships without warning and without safety to the lives of non-combatants.

Schedule of Trains at Macon, Miss.

SOUTHBOUND	
No. 1 Express Daily	1:15 a. m.
Through to Mobile	
No. 3 Express Daily	12:32 p. m.
Through to Mobile	
No. 5 Express Daily	5:41 p. m.
Through to Meridian	
NORTHBOUND	
No. 2 Express Daily	2:30 a. m.
Through to St. Louis	
No. 4 Express Daily	4:17 p. m.
Through to St. Louis	
No. 6 Express Daily	10:25 a. m.
Through to Union City	
W. C. McCOLLAR, Agt.	

ROOMS FOR RENT—Apply to Miss Edna Bush, phone 97, P. O. Box 117.

WANTED—A girl (white) or settled woman for housekeeper. Address: Box 244, Macon, Miss.

FOR SALE—Residence, 5 rooms, convenient to school, servant's house, stable, garden spot. A very desirable place. Apply to Beacon office.

SEED OATS—Texas Red Rust Proof oats. Also seed wheat. Both home grown. T. W. JACKSON, Prairie Point, Miss.

CORN FOR SALE—Several thousand bushels of corn for sale at 75c per bushel. Cash preferred. No road security will be taken. Will also trade corn for cattle. L. G. OLIVER, Macon, Miss.

SEED OATS—500 bushels of Apple Pie Rust Proof seed oats for sale. Will deliver in Macon in lot at and above 25 bushels, at 75 cents. S. W. ADAMS, Route 3, Macon, Miss.

FOR LEASE—The Higon Plantation, three miles from Brooksville, west. Good proposition for reliable party. Write or see MRS. T. R. SPALDING, Brooksville, Miss.

TRESPASS NOTICE—All parties, hunters, fishermen, peddlers, are warned under penalty of the law not to trespass on my place, known as the old Callaghan place. All violators will not certainly be prosecuted. W. L. SHERROD.